

VOL. XLVI. No. 1191.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 3rd, 1900.

Copyright, 1899, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A LONG RANGE ASSAULT.

FRENCH PRESS.—Me kick at the British Lion? Boo! Who's afraid? Fashodia is avenged!

Copyright 1899 by Keppler & Schwarzmann.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

AN OBJECTION.

FIRST SPECTATOR.—Sam plays purty good. I t'ink he learned in de rooms ob de Young Men's Christian Association.

SECOND SPECTATOR.—Wal, dat 'd be a good 'nuff place if dey did n't make yer play sich a t'irsty game.

THE ARDENT PARTISAN.

AGREAT MANY institutions have risen and fallen in the course of time, but history teaches us that the performance of the ardent partisan is continuous. The number of those who delight to appear in this rôle is by no means small. Although they differ from each other in many respects, they have certain characteristics in common, whether their ardor leads them into partisanship for the Republican Party, the Democratic Party, Tammany Hall, the Family Law Firm, Tin Plate, Free Silver, or Jones of the Golden Rule.

The ardent partisan has trenchant, strenuous and well-memorized views on any question. For, though his partisanship first awakes at the sound of the big bass drum of the political rally, he later extends the limits of his cult until it includes all objects of human interest. Hence, by the time he is old enough to vote, he can tell you, not only to which party you must belong if you love your country, but which variety of doctor has the monopoly of curing disease and which church contains all true believers. He has an answer ready for everything that savors of heresy, independence or the opposition, and it flames forth like a two-edged sword when occasion requires.

It used to be the custom for the ardent partisan to adopt the "time-honored principles" of his party and valorously to maintain them year in and year out. Sometime since, however, the party leaders got into the habit of making radical changes in their creed every four years, and the ardent partisan found himself caught napping occasionally and awoke to the fact that his time-honored principles were heresy. One or two expe-

riences were enough, and he now follows the leader's example. For three years and ten months he confidently proclaims the eternal principles of his party; but suddenly, amid the clamor heard on every hand, the voice of the ardent partisan no longer rises. Oracular outpouring has given place to sapient reserve. For about two months this regrettable silence continues. It is broken only when he has read exactly why his party condemns and arraigns the other; then his "time-honored principles" break forth again.

It is possible to enumerate only a few of the blessings that the ardent partisan asserts are attributable to the patriotic endeavors of his party. Among them are good crops, tin plate, low prices, gold mines, health, good morals, rain and Sabbath observance. He has a substantial amount of healthy loathing for his political opponent, but on occasion proclaims his respect for him, as a man who knows where he stands, though that standing-place is low, indeed; and as a man of principle, though his principles are, of course, odious in the eyes of right-minded people. He reserves his choicest contempt, his fiercest wrath for those who bear no party label. To his way of thinking they have no courage, or they would "come out" on one side or the other and stay there; no principle, else they would adopt his or his opponent's; no patriotism, or they would acknowledge that the country's safety depended upon the election of "the gallant upholder of the immortal principles of the founders of my party."

Surely, as the eulogist always says in closing, the republic is safe as long as the voice of the ardent partisan is heard in the land.

A. B. Keeler.

NOT UP TO DATE.

"In some respects the Boers are away behind the age."

"Oh, yes! For instance, it does not appear that their general has ever been known as Fighting Piet Joubert."

INFORMATION.

"Do you know what foxes are good for?" asked the boy with the inquiring mind.

"Good for fox-hunting, of course," replied his companion.

THEY DO say that it is as hard to get an audience with Mr. Astor, of London, as it is with one of Ibsen's plays.

MAR 6 - 1933
324920
Gen.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

THE REAL THING.

FERDINALD.—And dayou really love me?

PENELOPE.—Love you, Ferdinald! Why, only yesterday Papa asked me if I would n't sooner have a Cocker Spaniel, and I refused!

051
f P961
v. 46 Sept. 21 - v. 47 Sept. 19

300,000
VRAIS



COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A PIONEER.

"What's all this? A new fad of the elephant's?
"Yes. He says the jungle ought to have a smart set and he's starting one."

APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT.

"It is proven that the piano was evolved from the primitive musical instruments of the Indian."

"Well, it would be all right then if a man scalped another for pounding it."

TOO BAD.

SHE.—I am in such distress! I made a flaw in that diamond you gave me.

HE.—Why, how did you come to do that?

SHE.—I tried to cut some glass with it.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

MISSIONARY.— And you found no happiness in leading a double life?

SINNER.—I felt as if I were leading the lives of two dogs.

WITH AN ACCENT.

MR. JONES (meekly).—Did you ever see me anything but sober?

MRS. JONES.—Yes; last night you were *anything* but sober!

MANY OF us are willing to work in the Lord's vineyard as long as the Lord works in ours.



AN ODD CASE.

SHE.—Yes, that is May Jennings. Such a peculiar girl, Mama.

MAMA.—In what respect?

SHE.—Why, she broke off an engagement because her mother was opposed to it.

NOT WORTH WHILE.

HE.—No; I never read books that are talked about.

SHE.—But why not?

HE.—It takes so much effort to explain if I don't like them.

ALL THE SAME.

HEAD BARTENDER.—Here! You are not making that cocktail right!

ASSISTANT.—What's the dif.? This is the third one he's had.

AN EXAMPLE.

IKEY.—A safe bet is vun vich dere is no danger of losing, is it not, Fader?

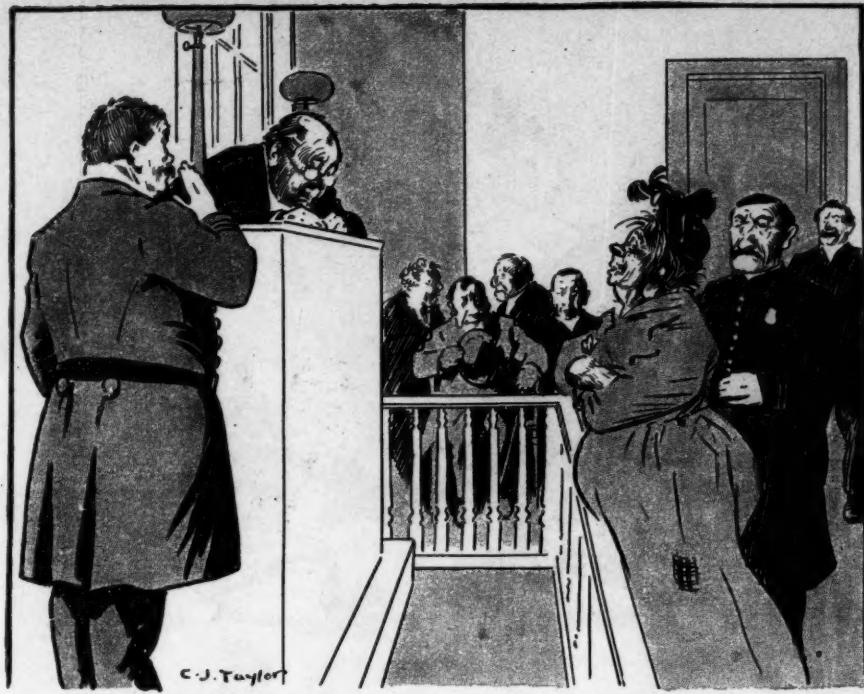
HIS FATHER.—Dot's it—for instance, vun vich de odder party has refused to accept.

VERY.

MAY.—Do you suppose Percy Wariegh is really as circumspect and good as he pretends to be?

MAUD.—Yes; I believe he is. Why, I don't believe he has a single letter or photograph that he'll have to burn up the night before his wedding!

OF ALL the virtues none is more resplendent than success.



DIPLOMACY.

JUDGE.—What's the next case? Plain drunk?

OFFICER.—Yis, yer Honor; but don't call her plain or we'll have to tie her down!

PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.

ERE'S TWO good words: Hired girls is permanent only temporarily.

Pa says a wife's just like patent medicines—full directions accompany each and every one.

Folks 'most always laugh at the pictures I take of 'em with my camera, 'cause they look like 'em.

Ma says if Pa was n't such a coward he'd have been dead long ago. Every time he gets a chill it scares him so that he busts out into a sweat.

Kind words is like money—everybody likes to have 'em come in, but it's like pullin' teeth to spend 'em.

When folks is social equals, they don't have much trouble findin' somethin' else to fight about.

"Gawd bless our home," says Pa; "it's the only place on earth where a man can let himself out without losin' business." Then he said a bad word and kicked the dog. *David Henry.*

IN CONFIDENCE.

FRIEND.—Is it true that the tonic did you a great deal of good?

ACTRESS.—Oh, yes! I received five hundred dollars for my testimonial.



THE DANCING DERWISH.—Be quick! He has n't seen us yet. Put those fair arms about my neck and cling tightly to me!



“Now, if I can only get a good start before he notices us. Ready? Let her go!”

A MODEST REQUEST.

RAILWAY CLAIMS AGENT.—So you claim forty dollars for that old b—' bones that was killed, eh?

FARMER SLYONE.—That's what, B'gosh!

RAILWAY CLAIMS AGENT.—That's the third horse of yours that has been killed on our road, is n't it?

FARMER SLYONE.—Yes—an' two good cows, besides.

RAILWAY CLAIMS AGENT.—Well, the next time you want any stock slaughtered, you'll oblige us very much by letting us know a few days previously, so we can send around an experienced butcher, and thus run no risks of derailing our trains!

EXPLAINED.

KNICKER.—Wonder why Cholly's so popular with the girls? He can't even express himself.

BOCKER.—No; but his father can pay the freight!

ABNORMAL.

MAMMY.—I would n't want no gal ob mine to marry dat Sam Johnson.

DINAH.—Yo' would n't?

MAMMY.—No. Why, dat fellah am jes' as crazy 'bout dress as a sensible niggah ud be 'bout watahmillions!



SPECIALLY ADAPTED.

LION.—The giraffe has been chosen tenor of the glee club.

RHINOCEROS.—On what qualification?

LION.—His ability to reach the high notes!

POWER OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

“Yes,” assented the Stork, modestly; “it is true that the population of Brooklyn is increasing.

You see, I am supported by public sentiment, while the trolleys are not.”

THANKFUL FOR THAT.

HE (rather backward).—Miss Edith, y-you look sweet enough to kiss.

SHE.—Well! I'm glad to know it is n't my fault.

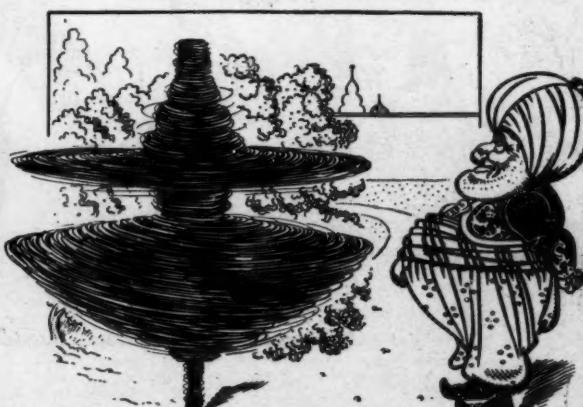
A WILD MAN.

LION.—Good Gracious! Our keeper has a terrible temper, has n't he?

LIONESS.—It makes me shudder to think of it! I wonder if he was born in captivity?

THE DIFFERENCE between a wit and a humorist is that wit says things and a humorist writes them.

THE PROPHET is without honor in his own country, but seldom without competition.



PATIMA'S FATHER.—Well! Well! Here's a Dancing Dervish again! He goes so fast that you could never tell what it was if you did n't know!

II.

THE DANCING DERWISH.—Be quick! He has n't seen us yet. Put those fair arms about my neck and cling tightly to me!

III.

“Now, if I can only get a good start before he notices us. Ready? Let her go!”

PUCK.

THE PUZZLE.

(A Post-Christmas Soliloquy.)

Hi, PRECIOUS GIFT by fingers made
Whose tips I'd fain salute,
Your secret still is unbetrayed,
Your lips are closed and mute.
A dainty mass of ribbons blue,
Embroidery galore;
With tassels of a crimson hue—
I wonder what it's for.

Dear girl, I thank you for the gift,

And more for trust implied

That in my wisdom I'd make shift

Its uses to decide.

Such perfect faith in crafty man

Deserves requital high;

I'll do the best a lover can—

I'll solve the thing, or die.

'T is not of shape to hold a pipe,

(I'll try each one again);

Too nice it is for me to wipe

On it my trusty pen.

My foot is much too large to go

Its silken folds between;

(And, anyway, footwarmers grow

In pairs, right well I ween.)

Oh! pretty fabrication she,

The lass I worship, sent,

Why is it that you come to me?

Your purpose and intent?

(To all who kindly are disposed

To aid my quest, I am

Prepared, if postage is enclosed,

To mail a diagram.)

Edwin L. Sabin.

A MODEST REQUEST.

MRS. CHURCH (after services).—Well! the nerve of our pastor!

MR. CHURCH (who staid home).—What's up now?

MRS. CHURCH.—You know, last week we presented him with a horse and cutter?

MR. CHURCH.—Yes?

MRS. CHURCH.—Well, to-day he got in the pulpit and asked us to pray for snow!

PUGILISM AND THE LAW.

"Stringent prohibitory laws killed pugilism with us."

"Yes?"

"Yes; they made occasion for so many policemen to attend the fights that there was very little room left for paying patrons."

IT IS always a more or less interesting question who fires the first shot in a war, though it seldom hits anybody.



Copyright, 1899, by KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

NO FAVORITISM.

LUCY.—I don't think Alice should encourage Lord Noplunks and the Marquis du Dibris at the same time.

MAY.—Oh! she intends to be perfectly fair! She will accept the one who proposes first!



V.
"Well, that is great! He'll keep it up for hours, so I won't stay to see the finish."



VI.
THE DANCING DERVISH.—Ah, Light of my eyes! One moment and we will come to a stop! And he never saw us!



VII.
"Well, Fair One! farewell till to-morrow!"



A WILY CONQUEROR.

BEATRICE.— Claude has jest ast me to attend de Metropolitan Opera House wit' him!

ANGELINE.— When?

BEATRICE.— Jest as soon as he gets money enough to buy a box!

ANGELINE.— Say! I could die for a man like dat!



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Wednesday, January 3, 1900.—No. 1191.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.—The contents of Puck are protected by copyright in both the United States and Great Britain. Infringement of this copyright will be promptly and vigorously prosecuted.

Puck's illustrations can be found only in PUCK'S Publications.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE NEW PUCK WISHES a happy New Year to all his readers. And just a word about good resolutions. In the unrestricted YEAR, free coinage of resolutions intended to perfect your conduct the coming year, try this one and see if it does n't make you a profit. Resolve that you will not, no matter how enticing the temptation, try to get something for nothing. The essence of all morality is in that resolution; likewise the key to prosperity. If you were a client of the recent Mr. Miller of Brooklyn you probably do not need this advice. But enough of you escaped that amateur philanthropist to make it worth printing. Turn away from every man or syndicate that promises you ten per cent. a week on your investment. A little figuring will show that a man making that profit would own every dollar of money and every bit of real and personal property in the world in something less than five years. Such a genius does n't need your fifty or a hundred dollars to help him along; and he is n't going to sit up of nights to help *you* along, either. Instead of trying to get something for nothing, resolve to give more for what you do get. That is positively the only way to get more. Resolve to better the quality of whatever it is that you produce, whether you are a ditch-digger, a book-keeper, a manufacturer, or a railroad president. Your reward will be certain and the police will let you alone. And, to prove his sincerity, PUCK hereby resolves to be a better ten cents' worth the coming year than ever before.

QUAY AND ROBERTS. **M** R. QUAY does n't know if he is going to be a Senator and Mr. Roberts does n't know if he is going to be a Representative. If it were a choice between them we would prefer Roberts.

Mr. Roberts could marry one new wife a day from now to the end of time without, in our opinion, becoming as extremely undesirable as Mr. Quay is at this writing. We take Mr. Quay, however, as a matter of course; he has succeeded, thus far, in staying out of the penitentiary, and he is, therefore, respectable. But we grow hysterical over Mr. Roberts, who has never stolen a dollar, nor an election, so far as is known. Which proves that morality with us is more of a fad than a science. It looks as if both these gentlemen would be rejected; and doubtless that is well. But we wish that Quay could be rejected with as much highly moral indignation as Roberts will be.

TO PENSION DESERTERS. **S**ENATOR CULLOM has introduced a bill proposing a full amnesty for all deserters during the Rebellion and making them eligible to a place on the pension rolls. We have tried to word the thing simply, but you may have to read it over three or four times to comprehend it. There is no mistake of the type;—a bill introduced by a United States Senator to pension DESERTERS. No adequate comment could be made in public print. We wish only to record the absence of certain phenomena that sane persons would have expected to attend and to follow this exhibition of indecency. In the first place, Senator Cullom made no effort to conceal his identity when he introduced this bill: we learn that he did not wear a mask and did not hasten to secrete himself after its introduction. But, what is still more surprising,—and it should be remembered that ample time has elapsed—no committee of Veterans of the Rebellion, of G. A. R. members, or of plain, decent American citizens who love their country's traditions,—no committee of any sort, we say,—has gone to Washington, secured the person of Senator Cullom and kicked him at least ten consecutive times around the Capitol block. The Senator who thus insulted the Nation, the Senate and every honest veteran, is unknocked; and the Grand Army of the Republic still lives.

HAIL TO SIBLEY!

BELOVEDS DIFFER as to why the world does n't go forward faster; but one of the admitted reasons is the sacredness we attach to our opinions. Especially to last year's opinions. Of course, we are affronted by any man who dissent from our present opinions. In thinking otherwise than we think we are convinced that he is taking an unwarranted personal liberty with us. The thing seems to us to combine all the elements of a public scandal. But we are far more grievously disturbed by the suspicion in our own mind, or the imputation by others, that we now hold opinions different from those we held last year. If such a charge be proved we feel we have been false to ourselves; that last year's opinions, if we be persons of mental integrity, were entitled to perpetual allegiance. This way of the human animal is what makes the case of Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, so exhilarating. Mr. Sibley was for Bryan in 1896. He predicted that McKinley's election would be followed by the hardest times the country had ever seen. He was very certain about it. He was as orthodox a pessimist as you could have found in the whole Bryan clan. Now, he says, he sees good times everywhere: forges blazing, shuttles weaving, and looms spinning, with every man who has a day's labor to sell finding a ready market for it. "So it occurs to me," he continues, "that somebody must have been mistaken, and perhaps that fellow was me. . . . The issue of 1896 is no longer an issue. In fact, it would be ridiculous to make it an issue for 1900." Mr. Sibley is a pretty great man. It takes a pretty great man to get rid of opinions that no longer fit him. He has set an example of courage and true consistency that might be of value to the Democratic party if it were not led by men whose brains have petrified; and who, therefore, can never learn anything new.

UNLESS WAR should be abolished, the survival of the fittest will result in the elimination of a great many brave men who can't shoot.

THE WAR in South Africa ought at least to decide the relative merits of sand in the disposition and sand in a sand-bag.

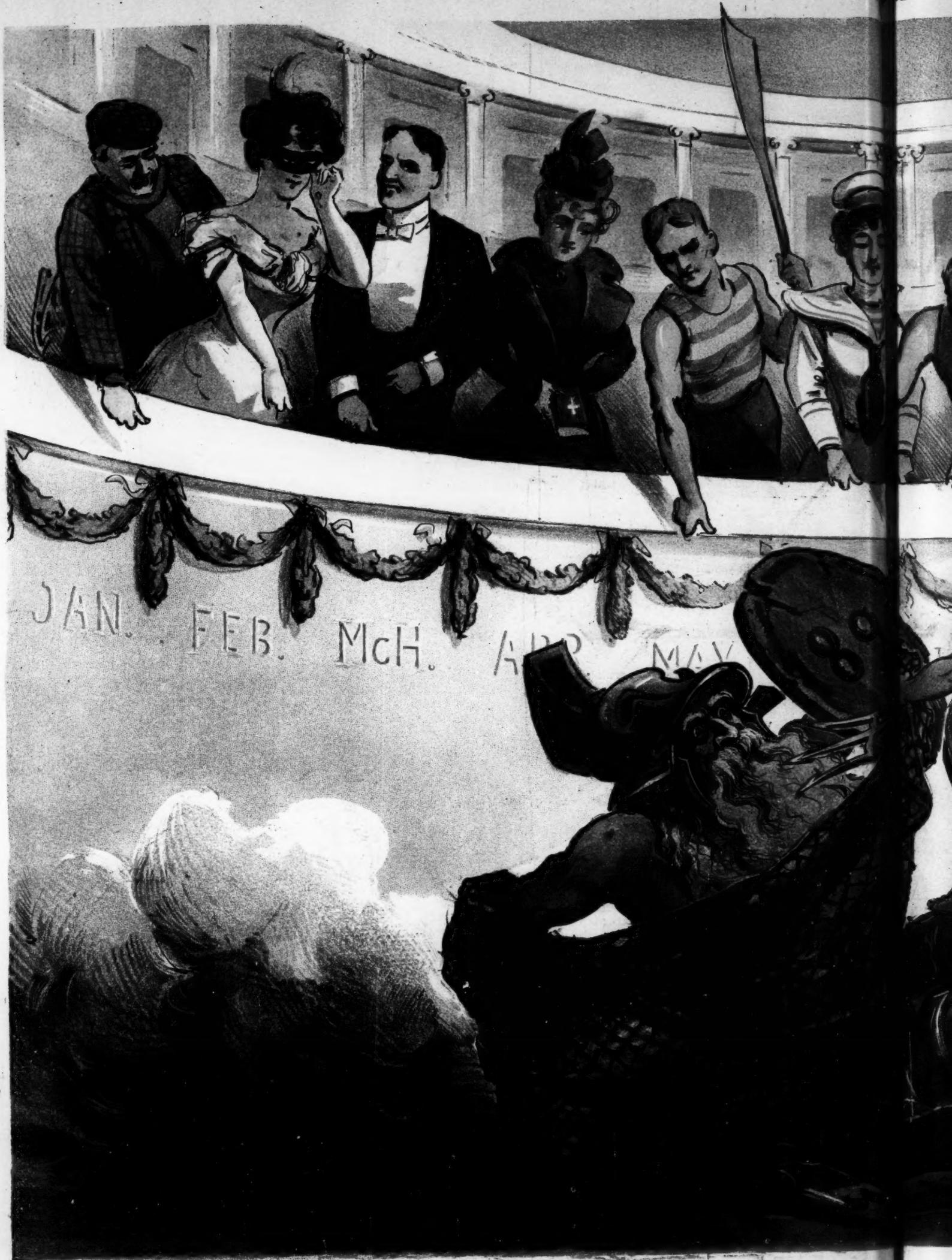


Copyright, 1900, by KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A GREAT BLESSING.

PERCY.—They say this Philippine war is going to be a great, good thing for this country!

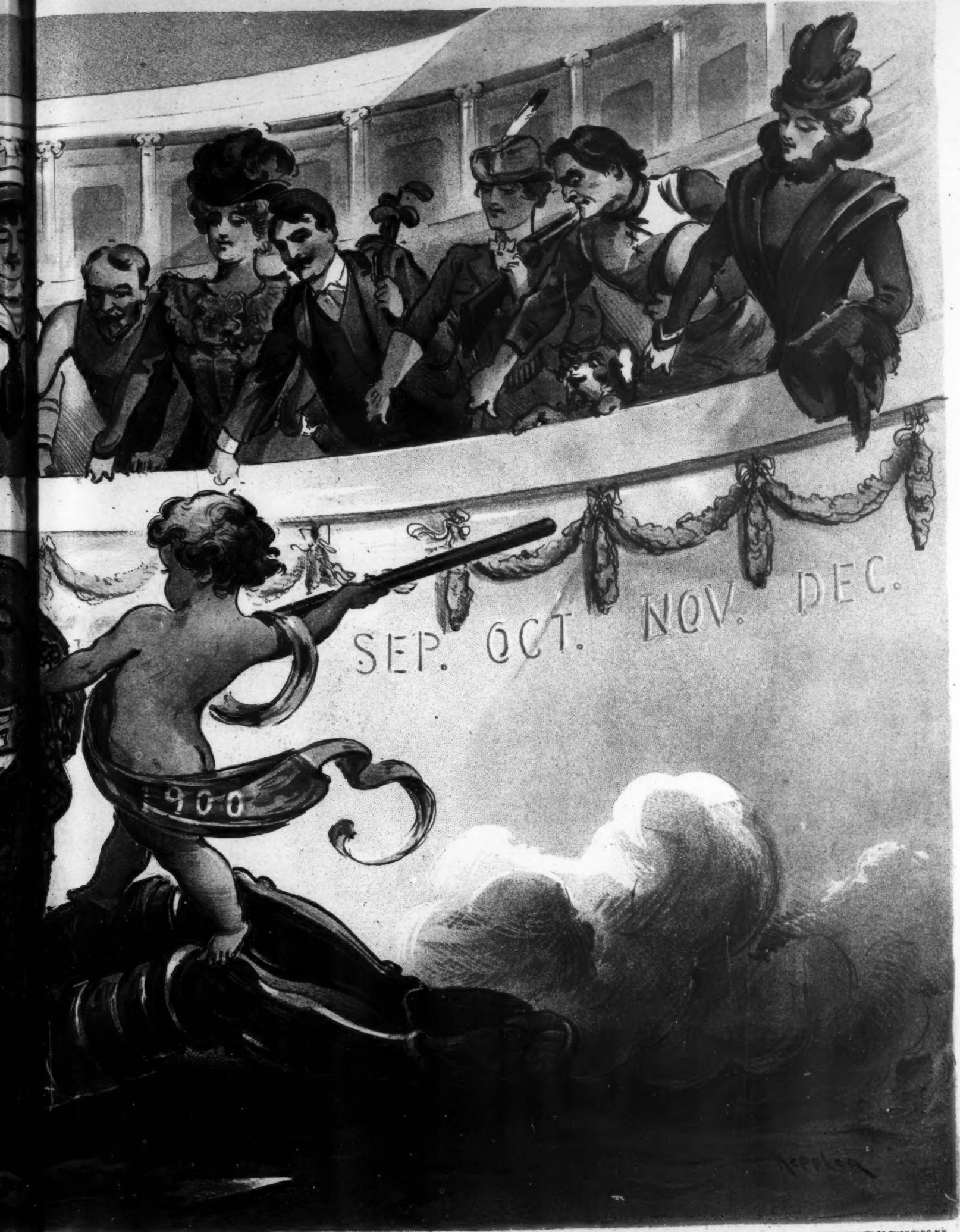
FERDY.—It can't help but be, old chappie! Just think what a crop of ancestors it's going to turn out for future generations!



COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

HAIL TO THE VICTOR

K.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

TO THE VICTOR!

PUCK.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

PARADOXICAL.

MANAGER RURALVILLE THEATRE. — Who 's that feller with your show that 's all the time cursin' and swearin' about something?

PROPRIETOR UNCLE TOM'S CABIN COMPANY. — Oh ! that 's our angel.

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.
ON THE KAISER.



"EDAD!" said Mulligan, "it is wonderful how some folks impr-rove as they get oulder. Now, there 's Schwarzenkopf's an' the Pr-ince of Wales's frind, the Imp'r of Jarmany. Whin he shtarted in business he was nothin' but a cr-racked-brained youngster that kept folks guessin' what sort av a fool he wud mek av himself nixt. If ye think that 's too shtrong, rade what anny av the London papers said av him up to the toime ould Kruger wint on the warpath. He had a cr-razy notion that hivin intindded him to rule the Jarman payple, an' instid av bein' contint wit' bein' a figure-hid an' thankin' his shtars that he cud dhraw a salary wit'out airnin' it, nothin' ud do Willyum but he must run the whole shootin'-match an' have as much to say as Misher Platt or Misher Cr-roker. I dunno if they think hivin intindded them to rule the payple; but whether it did or not, they 've got there jist the same. An' so if an iditor said anything onplisint about Willyum, instid av shuin' him for libel in a civilized way an' gettin' six cints damages, Willyum ud clap the poor man in jail. An' we all thought what a wonder it was that the gr-reat an' intilligent Jarman payple wud shtand for sich nonsinse—an' why they wud n't foire the young man out an' istablish a raypublic wit' a boss in every town. An' Willyum writ pothry an' music an' painted picters an' sitch things as thim, that always makes a man's fri'nds an' acquaintances begin to think he is n't roight in the upper shtory. An' he hobnobbed wit' the Czar av Roosha an' shocked us be callin' on that monster, the Sooltan av Tur-rkey, instid av thrtatin' the br-rute as the other Christian powers did—daynouncin' but not lickin' him; sindin him ultymattums but takin' div'lish good care to sind nothin' else—for fear it might get isolated, mebbe—an' assurin' the Armaynians that they 'd niver want for his sympathy an' moral support. An' he did so many str-range things that nobody ud been surprised if some day he 'd have cabled Captain Coghlan to come over an' have a glass av beer wit' him.

"But that's all over now. He 's sowed his diplomatic woild oats an' he 's tuk dinner wit' the Pr-ince av Wales. An' the Pr-ince, Oi 'm tould, thrted him as if there was nothin' in the wur-ruld too good for him.

"Wud Yer Majesty loike to have some music after dinner?" says the Pr-ince. "Somethin', we 'll say, from the Guttherdamrung or the Nibble-lungen Lied? Or, if ye 'll prolong yer Impayrial visit, we 'll play the whole av the Guttherdamrung — 't will take but tin days or two wakes, Oi belave."

"Oi have n't toime," says Willyum. "But there 's a little thing

Oi 've writ mesilf—a gran' op'ry in sivinteen acts—that Oi 'd loike ye to hear."

"May the Lord presarve us!" says the Pr-ince to himself. "But England is in a toight place an' we must mek concissions."

"So, says he, 'Oi 'd be dayloighted, Yer Majesty.'

"Oh ! Oi have n't it wit' me," says Willyum; "but the fir-rst toime yer in Berlin — ' An' the Pr-ince br'athed asier.

"There 's a little Oisland in the Passific," says the Pr-ince in the afternoon, "thot Oi 'd loike to mek ye a pr-risint av whin ye 're goin' away. It 's but a throifle—some twenty thousand naygurs an' a few palm threes. Will ye do me the favor av acceptin' it?"

"Oi will that," says Willyum, hear-rtily. "Oi 'll Jarmanize them naygurs an' hev them singin' the Watch on the Rhoin an' committin' lees majesthy in no toime."

"An' if Roosha an' Fr-ance shud jump on us," says the Pr-ince, "Oi have no doubt ye cud lick both av them wit'out throuble? Av coarse we cud do it oursilves if we were n't so busy, but 't wud be inconvaynient at the pr-risint toime. For, though Br-ritania shtill rules the waves, she 's havin' the devil's own toime on dhry land. An' though, in the ivint av a foight, we moight not be able to shpare ye anny trooops, we cud give ye a devil av a lot av good ad-vice. Oi 'm a Field Marshal in the ar-my, mesilf, ye know, though Oi have n't been doin' much at it late, an' folks are apt to forget it. But Oi 've larned a dale about the ar-rt av war since the fur-rst av Novimber an' Oi can give ye p'ints about managin' yer trooops. Give yer gin'rals shrticr orders not to get isolated. Aiven if it does them no gr-reat har-rum, it raises the devil wit' the folks at home. 'T is a wicked an' cruel thing this issolatian, an' it 's me own opinion it shud have been put an ind to be the Pace Conference. Thin, whin yer cavalry goes out after a floyin' foe, it shud be accompanied by a chaperon. An' beware av an inimy that continues to advance after he 's been routed. 'T is ag'in' all the pr-inciples av war an' it upsits everybody, from the commandher-in-chase wit' his plans av campaign to the war poet wit' his thriumphal ode. Kape the war correspondents in the rear, Willyum. If ye foind them on the foirin' line, foire them. Sind them back where the play av their imaginations will not be distur-bed by Mauser bullets. Don't take too much shtock in rumors. Belave nothin' but official raports an' don't be too hasty in accipin' them. An' — but did Oi understand ye to say ye cud lick Fr-ance an' Roosha, if they shud jump on us?"

"Oi can, indade," said Willyum.

"An' ye wud do it, if nicissary?" axed the Pr-ince, anxiously.

"Oi said Oi cud," says Willyum, wit' a diplomatic shmoile.

"Well," says the Pr-ince, "mebbe they 'll think ye will. Oi suppose we must let it go at that."

"An' thot, as far as Oi know," said Mulligan, "is the way the Anglo-Jarman alloiance shtands at prisint."



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

PUCKOGRAPH. — XXXIII:

THE MAN WITH THE \$25,000 HEAD.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

PUCK.

BALLADE TO THE SEASON'S COSTUME.

OW THE wind's ever on the alert,
And the sky hangs low, leaden and dark;
Seeking shelter, dead leaves with a spurt
Hunt for corners and holes in the park;
Echo's now said good-by to the lark,
And the world's e'en by Winter begirt;
But that's nothing, as you may remark,
To the Girl in the Rainy Day Skirt.

Puff-cheeked Boreas tries to subvert
All the earth that his breath has stripped stark;
Of his might he will howl with a blurt
Unto all who will, shivering, hark;
But the howl or the bite or the bark
Brings no fear, we may dare to assert,
To the queen of the time, you remark,
To the Girl in the Rainy Day Skirt.

Ah! how neatly she's booted and girt!
In trim raiment quite up to the mark!
When she's passed in our hearts there's a hurt
Where we've suffered the touch of Love's spark;
When she's passed the day once more grows dark
With a gloom that we can't controvert;
We're still thinking, as you may remark,
Of the Girl in the Rainy Day Skirt!

L'ENVOI.

Charming maid, as you walk through the park,
With quick steps and eyes ever alert,
You will pardon us if we remark,
We're in love with your Rainy Day Skirt!
Wood Levette Wilson.



HIS BEGINNING.

KIND LADY.—You say you used to be a poet?
TRAMP.—Yes'm; that's how I got my start!

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

PARDONABLE.

THE MONKEY.—Pray, forgive my rudeness; but I have got something in one of my teeth!

A PERFECT SYSTEM OF MNEMONICS.

AUNT FILURA.—When was it you had the crick in your back, Silas?

UNCLE SILAS.—Let's see. Wasn't it last Winter when I was takin' the Jump-Up Tonic? No; it seems as if it was a year ago last Winter when I was takin' Gall's Liver Polish. Or, it may have been early in the Spring when I was tryin' that box of Graymatter & Pulp's Brain Salve. No; now I know for sure. It was two years ago last Winter when you an' I was wearin' them Dr. Ketchem's Anti-Spasmatic Insoles.

A LONG STEP AHEAD.

FITZWILLIAMS.—Our friend Smith has become more swell than ever.

FITZJOHNSON.—What has he done, now?

FITZWILLIAMS.—He has got to writing his name Smythe-Smythe.

HOW LONG?

MISS N. EWSY.—I see that the papers say Mrs. Weeds and the Captain are to be married as soon as her period of mourning is over.

MISS DE WITTE.—Period, indeed! With most of these widows their periods seem to be merely question marks!

PAPA'S THEORY.

MAMA.—I can't imagine what Baby is crying for now.

PAPA.—Just to keep in practice, I suppose. He may not want anything just now, but he can't tell when he will.



COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

THE POET'S NEW YEAR.

"Many returns of the day."

ISAACS.—I see vere a man vent undt bought his own tombstone. I don't understandt vot anybody vants to do dot for.

COHENSTEIN.—May be he t'ought toimstones vos goin' up.

USED TO HARD LUCK.

MEPHISTOPHELES (at home).—How do you like the place?

THE ACTOR (indifferently).—Oh! I've been stranded in all sorts of places.

EVERY ONE is individual according to his abilities—and most of us are pretty general.

THE SELF-MADE man generally uses a good many of the mistakes of other people in his construction.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R
New York
Warehouses,
170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.



SAINT RAPHAEL WINE

A tonic made and bottled in France expressly for people in poor health; also for **NURSING MOTHERS.**

"Saint Raphael Wine has been used with great success in England, by ladies nursing their own children, in place of stout, which creates unhealthy, fat deleterious to mother and child." — *The Lancet*, London, Eng.

Only the healthful parts of the grape concentrated and pasteurized. Use after meals.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT,
and leading wine merchants and pharmacists.

Circulars mailed on request by addressing

ST. RAPHAEL WINE CO., 64 Broad St., N. Y.

MADE BY HANDS.

"We have decided that your 'hand-made process' of making the DUNLOP TIRE is more desirable than the 'vulcanized process' heretofore used by us, and have therefore adopted it."

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Notwithstanding the sharp competition of the vulcanized tire, we have consistently restrained our expensive hand-made process of manufacturing the DUNLOP DETACHABLE TIRE. We know that the fabric used in the construction of the tire cannot be vulcanized, and must be put in a vulcanizer, and the quality of our product has proved the correctness of our judgment. The above, coming as it does from one of the largest tire makers in the United States, is a remarkable endorsement.

These are the
Only Tools We Use.
Ask your dealer to furnish DUNLOP TIRES on your wheel.
100 manufacturers supply it in their makes of cycles.
Booklet of any dealer, or of us.

THE AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY,
BELLEVILLE, N. J.
CHICAGO, III.

BUNNER'S • SHORT STORIES

SHORT SIXES.

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. Illustrated.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS.

A Story of Small Stories. Illustrated.

MADE IN FRANCE.

French Tales Retold with a United States Twist. Illustrated.

MORE SHORT SIXES.

Illustrated.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE.

Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life. Illustrated.

Five Volumes, In Paper, \$2.50

" " Cloth, 5.00

or separately. Per Volume, In Paper, \$0.50
as follows: " " Cloth, 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address PUCK, New York.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

THERE is no prospect that the consolidation of the sleeping-car companies will affect the colored individual who holds up the passengers at the muzzle of the whisk-broom. — *Washington Post*.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

cure bilious and nervous ills,
sick headache, disordered
liver and impaired digestion.
10 cents and 25 cents, at all drug stores.

"HAVE you any
Dewey colors?" she
asked in the dry goods
store.

"I don't know what
you mean," said the
attendant.

"Why, colors that
won't run." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

Ale Evans Stout

Enough said!!



310 First Premiums

Awarded to the **PRairie State Incubator**, Guaranteed to operate in any climate. Send for catalogue.

PRairie State Incubator Co., Homer City, Pa.



WOULD N'T MISS THE OPPORTUNITY.

MILLINER.—That hat is very becoming.

CUSTOMER.—Yes; I think I'll take it; but, of course, I'll try on the others!

If you are a good liver a trial will convince you that Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is a necessity. Insist on it being on the menu.

An all-the-year-round tonic that tones up the blood and gives new life to the system—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get it from grocer or druggist.

NEWLYWED.—Is your wife much on mending?

OLDBOY.—Mending? Why, she would n't even patch up a quarrel! — *The Kitchen*.

SOME men who can't earn their salt talk the best kind of sense. — *Atchison Globe*.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
22, 24 and 26 Bleecker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street. NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.
Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO.
Dept. L. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

PARIS-1900 Steamers for
NEBRASKA, specially chartered for
Paris Exposition, Oberammergau Passion
Play and Tour of Europe, start June 30: booking now.
Also Thirty other Spring and Summer Excursions.
Special features: exceptional advantages.

FRANK C. CLARK, 111 BROADWAY, N. Y.

PUZZLING.

"That man Oqm Paul always was terribly hard to get along with," remarked the European diplomat.

"He seems to be simplicity itself."

"Yes; but he does n't conform to the ordinary rules of diplomacy. Whenever he says anything, he means every word of it." — *Washington Star*.

PLAYS

Recitations, dialogues, and other entertainments. New 132-page catalogue sent free on request.

DRAMATIC PUB. CO., Chicago.



OLD OVERHOLT

High Standard Pennsylvania Pure Rye Whiskey.
"BOTTLED IN BOND" direct from the barrel at the Distillery.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.,
Pittsburg, Pa.

"The New York Central Leads the World." — *Leslie's Weekly*.

Novena Old Rye Whiskey



Pronounced by connoisseurs the best beverage in the rye field.

Age, Purity, Bouquet.

It's high priced, but it's good. Write for catalogue and price list of our products.

Eagle Liqueur Distilleries

RHEINSTROM BROS.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

945-967 Martin Street, or 946-966 E. Front Street.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Lumbago are caused by uric acid in the blood. Our remedy cures by removing the acid. Write for free book. American Coal, Detroit, Mich.

In Sunny California

Are islands as charming as Capri, a coast as gay as the Riviera, mountains as wonderful as any in Italy or Spain, hotels as sumptuous as can be desired, out-door diversions, and a winter climate unrivaled in the world.

Thousands of tourists are already there, thousands are on the way.

The Santa Fe Route will conduct you there at the minimum of cost in time and money, and with the maximum of comfort.

Address General Passenger Office,
The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,
CHICAGO.



PROOF.

CON VIVIAL (the next morning).—I knew this room was going up and down and around and around when I came home last night! Just see how the motion upset everything!

THE PIONEER LIMITED.—Only Perfect Train in the world. Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Address for free illustrated, descriptive booklet, Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Coe's Eczema Cure \$1 at drug stores. The world's surest cure for all skin diseases. Samples free by mail. Coe Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

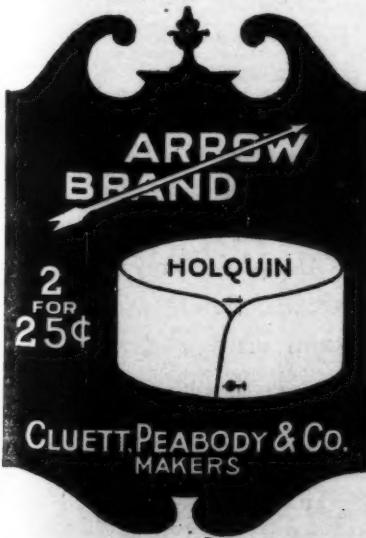
Again to the front for the Holidays, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, Dr. Sieger's Angostura Bitters (from South America), the only genuine. No Christmas or New Year's table complete without it. Beware of imitations and domestic substitutes.

A DEFICIENCY.

"France is the home of modern art," said the young man.

"Well," answered the blunt citizen who had been reading of the Dreyfus case, "may be they can paint artistically and sing artistically and dance artistically. But I'm blest if they can lie artistically." — *Washington Star*.

WE have noticed that when women refer to another woman as refined looking, it will be found that she is very thin.—*Atchison Globe*.



Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

An Appropriate Holiday Present.

German Favor.

PRICE \$5.00.

A Most Acceptable Birthday Gift.

Euchre Prize.

"It is needless to praise these ingenious stories in picture, with their short accompaniment of text; taken all together, they are truly amusing."

—*Mail and Express*.

"It is distinctly to be recommended as an antidote for the blues." —*Hartford Courant*.

"Is sure to be a favorite book for the holiday season." —*Chuchman*.

For sale by all booksellers, or by mail, postpaid, either from the publishers,

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 31 West 23d St., New York, N. Y., or from PUCK, New York, N. Y.

HER SELECTION.

MRS. DE FINE.—Here's my new bonnet. Is it a darling? Only twenty-eight dollars!

MR. DE FINE.—Great snakes! You said bonnets could be bought at from three dollars up.

MRS. DE FINE.—Yes, dear. This is one of the "ups." —*N. Y. Weekly*.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



HOW TO TELL A GOOD BARBER.

If you are looking for a good barber and a first-class shave; if you enjoy a rich, creamy lather that "never dries on the face," and appreciate delicate, refreshing odor; if you want to be safe from the dangers that exist in so-called cheap, highly perfumed soaps, go to the barber who uses Williams' Shaving Soap.

But if you are willing your face should smart and burn, and if you don't object to that parched, drawn feeling caused by quick drying lather and are not afraid of blood poisoning and other diseases, you can doubtless find barbers who use inferior soaps that cost a little less.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are used by all first-class barbers and are sold everywhere.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cts. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25cts. Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10c. Williams' Glycerated Tar Soap, 15c. Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barbers), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial tablet for 2c, stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.

FUNNY FOLKS

By F. M. HOWARTH.

A Collection of Over
FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS
from PUCK, published in book form.
(Size 12x16 inches.)

Bound in handsome cover, boxed.

16 Pages in Color. 24 Pages Black-and-White.

Printed on Heavy Plate Paper.



VICI KID
Baby's First Pair of Shoes Tree

Take any baby born in 1900 to your shoe dealer, have the foot measurements carefully taken and sent to us, and we will have ready the pair of **VICI KID** shoes made and returned to the dealer for you.

Vici Friction Polish is the greatest leather dressing and preservative ever made. It gives life, softness, beauty to any shoe-leather.

Vici Paste Polish will put a brilliant, damp-proof shine on any well-dressed shoe. It is a marvel of quickness, hardness, and excellence.

Your shoe dealer has all the Vici products, or can easily get them. Don't take excuses.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable, by DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD. Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures FREE. DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Arnold Constable & Co.
NOVELTIES IN
Paris Neckwear.
Tippets, Collarettes, Boas, Ruffs.
Fine Lace Scarfs, Jabots, Fichus, Collars.
Silk Ties, Stocks.
Lace and Embroidered
Handkerchiefs.
Feather Boas.
Nets, Chiffons and Veilings.
Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK

BARKEEPERS FRIEND
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25¢ at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Manf., Indianapolis, Ind.

WORDS OF PRAISE.
The Curing Power, Known as Weltmerism, Causes Interesting Resolutions to be Passed by the Commercial Club.

Prof. S. A. Weltmer, of Nevada, Mo., who has discovered a new science called Weltmerism, which it is claimed cures all diseases without the aid of drug or the surgeon's knife, and does this curing at a distance just as readily as it does those cases brought to Nevada, has recently been the cause of the Commercial Club of Nevada, Mo., passing the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That we point with special pride to the great and humane work being performed in this city by Prof. Weltmer in the cause of humanity, the discovery of a new science, and the founding of a great school and sanitarium of magnetic healing, the beneficial results of which are attested by hundreds of men and women from every state in the Union, with whom we have come in personal contact, the integrity of whom can not be successfully assailed.

"Resolved, That in the person of Prof. Weltmer the people of this city owe a lasting debt of gratitude, not only for his wonderful success in healing the sick and distressed, but for his generous and open-handed charity.

"Resolved, That we have ever found in him the highest type of a citizen, broad and progressive, liberal in his views, a good and kind neighbor, a man of peace, with a world of charity toward all mankind, and is, in our estimation, one of the bright and gifted men of the century.

"Resolved, That this great magnetic school and sanitarium is a credit to any city, and the high moral plan upon which it is conducted is worthy of all praise. We know personally all the officers, the professors and attendants, both men and women, and they stand well in this community. We can vouch for their high moral character, and their faith in the avocation in which they are engaged. And as such we, the members of this club and citizens of Nevada, unqualifiedly indorse this institution, not only to the people of our own state, but to the world."

The Commercial Club is composed of the leading business and professional men living in Nevada, Mo.

THE office test for heroism has destroyed a great many popular idols.—*Washington Post*.

When you do drink, Drink Trimble.

Green Label.

Trimble
Whiskey

The Green Label bottling is 10 years old. A Pure Rye Whiskey. Unparalleled for Family, Medicinal, or general use. Get the best.

Ask for Trimble Green Label.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

WHITE, HENRY & CO., Phila. and N. Y.
sole Proprietors. Established 1793.

THE WIZARD OF THE WEST.

Prof. S. A. Weltmer, the Great Magnetic Healer, Astounds the World by His Remarkable Cures.

Weltmerism, the Method of Magnetic Healing, originated by Prof. S. A. Weltmer of Nevada, Mo., in its wide scope of doing good, is Astounding humanly, does not only cure diseases of all nature but makes it impossible for disease to exist.

This is a fact that has been substantiated by the many thousands of cures made. All physicians, all scientists, in fact all who know the physiology of the human race, know that if the organs of circulation, secretion and excretion are in perfect condition, perfect health is attained. Weltmerism, restores, without the aid of medicine, these organs to their natural function and the disease is banished. This great method cures dyspepsia, indigestion, stomach

trouble, in fact, any disease known to man or woman, and this without the aid of medicine that so often ruins a constitution, which under the Weltmerism of magnetic healing, makes strong. T. T. Rodas, Past. Mr. Prosecuting Attorney of Monroe County, suffered for years from Sciatic Rheumatism; tried everything without benefit, was instantly cured through Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Mrs. C. R. Graham, Boise City, Iowa, afflicted with rheumatism nine years, cured through Weltmerism. Mrs. D. H. Allen, Aurora Springs, Mo., suffered from consumption in its worst form; fully restored by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. D. E. Alford, Rubena, Jewell Co., Kans., cured of kidney and stomach troubles by Prof. Weltmer's Absent Treatment. Send for a copy of the Magnetic Journal, a 40-page illustrated magazine, giving a long list of the most astounding cures ever performed. It is sent free.

TEACHES HIS ART TO OTHERS Prof. Weltmer teaches his wonderful art to others, and by the grandest and best paying profession in the ages. Many of his students are making \$10 to \$50 per day. Taught by mail or personal instructions. Full instructions sent free to those writing to PROF. J. H. KELLY, Secy., NEVADA, Mo.

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address, C. F. GUNTHNER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

The Club COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN,
MARTINI, WHISKEY,
HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN,
VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE
COLD TO BE GOOD; TO
SERVE IN PERFECT
CONDITION, POUR
OVER CRACKED ICE,
(NOT SHAVEN) STIR
AND STRAIN OFF.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BROS., THE FINEST
BROADWAY, NEW YORK, BOSTON, BIRMINGHAM,
AND ST. LOUIS, W. C. L. P. & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

A MAN who can be fooled the same way four times is a fool.—*Atchison Globe*.

CANDY

C. F. GUNTHNER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.



ONE GOOD POINT.

JIMMY.—Yes; I got a licking for swiping jam! But there's one good thing about a licking!

JOHNNY.—What's that?

JIMMY.—It makes you forget all about your conscience!

BOKER'S BITTERS

During the holidays no buffet ought to be without them.

WANTED AGENTS in every county to sell "FAMILY MEMORIALS," good profits and steady work. Address, Campbell & Co., 515 Flann St., Elgin, Ill.

Bound Volumes of PUCK

Make a Handsome Addition to Any Library.

1899, COMPLETE, BOUND IN TWO VOLUMES, CLOTH, \$7.50.
IN HALF MOROCCO, \$9.00.

We also bind Subscribers' Copies, in Cloth, at \$1.25,
or, in Half Morocco, at \$2.00 per Volume.

Address, PUCK, NEW YORK.



THE THREE WAITS.

TRUDGING along through the Christmas snow
The waits were laughing together;
Hood and jorkin, and cloak close-drawn,
They cared no jot for the weather.

The lights of the great hall shone afar.

"What, ho!" said Dickon, the treble;
"Think of the ale that Nan will bring,
And her teasing — the little rebel!"

"Think of the silver pennies, lads!"
Dan chuckled, "and what they're bringing!"
But Roger had never a word to say, —
He was dreaming of the singing.

So under the great old walls they came.
Where the ivy clambered and clung,
And somebody threw the casement wide —
The chatelaine, gentle and young.

Oh! sweet the carols the waits sang out —
Lusty of heart and voice!
And the little maid in the window framed
Felt her heart sing, too, "Rejoice!"

For the stars and the night and the crisp new snow
And the wintry, tingling air,
For the carols dear and the fair-haired lad,
Singing so joyously there.

Dickon, the treble, he had his ale,
And a kiss from his buxom Nan;
And the 'Squire came down and with high good-will
Gave silver and praise to Dan.

But Roger, the singer, had naught, had naught,
As he fared by the starry gleam,
But a Christmas rose from the casement cast,
And, warm in his heart, a dream!

Florence E. Pratt.



COPYRIGHT 1890 BY REPPLE & SCHWARTZMANN.

